duty of the Secretary of the Treasury to pay them out of any money in the treasury otherwise appropriated, and the Secretary of the Interior makes a requisition on the Treasury Department for money to pay pensions. The Secretary of the Treasury finds no money in the treasury not otherwise appropriated, except the money that has been realized from the sale of bonds. He will be confronted with the question whether he will stop the payment of pensions, whether he will stop payment for work on public buildings, whether he will stop payment for work on rivers and har-bors, whether he will withhold salaries or use the money in the treasury not otherwise appropriated. Mr. Boatner-Would you consider it improper to give your opinion as to the duty of the Secretary of the Treasury. Secretary Carlisle-I will give it very plainly. I believe it is my duty to pay pensions and all other public obligations, and unless Congress stops me I shall do so. While I stay there I shall endeavor to maintain the credit of the government by

paying its obligations. Mr. Boatner-Out of the proceeds of the bonds which you now propose to sell? Secretary Carlisle-I would not use the proceeds of bonds if it were possible to avoid it, but I would not let the obligations of the government go to protest and fail to pay the appropriations made by Congress for legitimate purposes and for carrying on the expenses of the government as long as there is a dollar in the treasury.

Mr. Carlisle further stated his reluctance in resorting to bonds. As to the kind of a bond which Mr. Carlisle thinks Congress should authorize there was the following

Mr. Boatner-The plan that you suggest to remedy this trouble would be for the Secretary to issue bonds for a specific pur-

pose. Is that the point? Secretary Carlisle—I think a short-time bond should be authorized, bearing a low rate of interest, to be issued in small de-nominations, which I think would be taken largely by the people who have money in savings banks, and the Secretary could sell them or use the proceeds in the payment of expenditures and redeem them out of the further revenues. That was my recommendation on the subject, simply because I saw it was impossible for Congress to provide by taxation any revenue which could be collected in time for this fiscal

year.

Mr. Stone—And you did not see a disposition on the part of Congress to do it?

Secretary Carlisle—I concluded to issue bonds under the existing authority, a thing I disliked as much as any gentleman upon this committee, for I did not want to see the public debt of the country increased in any way whatever or for any purpose

The gold clause in Mr. Carlisle's proposed-for bonds, brought out the following explanation from the Secretary: Mr. Bailey-How are you to be paid for

the bonds now advertised for sale? Do you demand gold coin? Secretary Carlisle-Yes, sir. The proposal calls for gold coin. Mr. Balley-This is the first time there has been any discrimination. Secretary Carlisle-No. Secretary Sherman sold bonds for gold coin

Mr. Bailey-I mean this is the first time since the act of 1878 was passed. When Mr. Sherman sold those bonds gold was the only legal tender. Secretary Carlisle-What the Secretary of the Treasury says is substantially this: Congress has invested me with authority to issue bonds and sell them for coin. I will not issue bonds and sell them unless the purchaser will give gold coin for them, because gold coin is what is needed to

maintain resumption and the parity of two Mr. Oates-The bonds are made payable Secretary Carlisle-Not gold coin, but in coin. When Congress compelled the Secretary of the Treasury by law to buy \$158,terms the buying of silver, and he did it.

000,000 worth of silver it specified in definite Mr. Carlisle's views were then secured on the plan of another issue of greenbacks. He was asked if it would not be feasible and practicable to authorize the Secretary of the Treasury to issue treasury notes sufficient to relieve the wants and necessities of the treasury. The Secretary said: "Why, of course. Congress could do that

and the Secretary of the Treasury would use them. If you ask me, as a financial question, whether I think it wise in Congress to authorize the issue of \$200,000,000 in greenbacks I should say no, because I believe, in the first place, there is an ample supply of money in the country for the business that is being transacted, and a great deal more than is being used." In conculding the hearing, Mr. Carlisle expressed himself vigorously as to the validity of the present bond issue. He was asked by Mr. Stone if the bonds would be hurt by legal questions, and replied: "No; because if the Secretary of the Treasury should issue these bonds and take the gold and dump it in the middle of the Atlantic ocean it would not vitiate the bonds."

TO BE FOUGHT OVER AGAIN. Silverites Will Renew the Battle for

Free Coinage. WASHINGTON, Feb. 10 .- The strength developed by Mr. Bland's seigniorage bill leads to the belief that another movement will be made for limited silver coinage, as a sequal to the passage of the seignlorage bill. Mr. Bland has already introduced a dollars." It went to the coinage committee, and was about to be discussed when Mr. Bland asked that it be temporarily laid aside in order that the seigniorage bill might first be acted on. As to the free silver bill, Mr. Bland said to-day: "It has been put aside for the present, but will probably be taken up later. No definite plans have been made, but it is evident that many members want the opportunity of

again voting on the silver question." Representative Williams, who was one of Mr. Bland's lieutenants, says he has no doubt the free silver question, pure and simple, will again be presented to this Congress. Quite a number of members who voted for the repeal of the purchase clause of the Sherman law have told Mr. Williams brought to an issue again in order to reverse their former position.

These expressions, together with the strength developed by the seigniorage bill, incline Messrs. Bland, Williams and their silver associates to give Congress one more chance to vote for unlimited silver coinage. In this connection the fact is being noted that about twenty-five Republican members are counted in favor of the seigniorage bill. Some of them are outspoken in favor of following up the measure with a free coin-age bill. They reconcile this with their vote to repeal the silver-purchase clause of the Sherman act by saying that the latter law hoarded silver in the treasury, while a free-silver bill would seek to put the metal, or certificates based on it, in actual

Representative Tracey, of New York, one of the anti-silver leaders, says that a bill for unlimited coinage of silver could not pass the House. He points out that quite number of anti-silver Democrats, like Mr. Reilly, of Pennsylvania, favor the seigniorage bill because they think it will dispose of the silver question for the next five years at least. He thinks the feeling that Congress is getting rid of the freesilver question is one of the main reasons for the strength of the seigniorage bill,

DIAMONDS RECOVERED.

Six of the 361 Stolen at Honolulu Found in Arkansas.

FORT SMITH, Ark., Feb. 10 .- Six of the 561 diamonds stolen at Honolulu have been recovered in this city by the chief of police, who got them from Mrs. Hattle Mc-Ginnis, a sister of Preston Horner, alias George Ryan, the man convicted of stealing them. He sent the jewels here last September, but refused to tell to whom. To-day it was discovered that Hattie Mc-Ginnis was his sister. This clew was worked up and the jewels recovered. They were sent to Honolulu.

Operator Bound and Station Robbed. SPARTA, Ill., Feb. 10 .- At 2 o'clock this morning, while night operator Church was eating his lunch in the Mobile & Ohio station, six men suddenly entered, seized, bound and gagged him, and then threw him into an adjoining freight room. They then drilled into the station safe, blew it open, and, taking the valuables within, decamped. Church was not released until the men on train No. 6 entered the station. The robbers, however, got but \$28. Officers are

Prisoners Must Work on Rock Piles. TOPEKA, Kan., Feb. 10 .- The Supreme Court to-day decided the Boutwell case, declaring the police authorities have a right to set prisoners to work on the rock piles. Allen, Populist judge, dissented. The decision also sets forth that the authorities have no right to abuse prisoners unnecesearly; if they do, damages can be re-

Suspected of Destroying Records. LANSING, Mich., Feb. 10.-Attorney-general Ellis, George Bussey and County Clerk May are under suspicion of being the persons who tore the Detroit election records

A PERILOUS JOURNEY

Dr. Johnston Tells of Some of His Adventures in Africa.

A Narrow Escape from Death in the Matabele Country at the Hands of Treacherous Natives.

Dr. James Johnston, whose recent journeyings through the south central part of Africa have excited so much interest, is stopping with the family of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph R. Robinson, at No. 84 East Michigan street. Four years ago this fall Dr. Johnston was in the city, and after recelving financial aid from his many friends here he went almost directly to the scene of his journeyings. Dr. Johnston removed his home from Scotland years ago on account of ill health to his piantation in Jamaica, on which he resided for several years. During all this time he was greatly interested in the field of the medical missionaries, and he finally conceived the idea of engaging a number of native Jamaicans and entering the field for himself. Thus, in the fail, three years ago, with these natives and without the companionship of a white man, he started on his journeyings and adventure, which have attracted the attention of all the world, and which he has narrated in a book of recent publication.

It was not the intention of Dr. Johnston to force his way through the country of the hostile tribes, as did Stanley and others, or to make his way along gradually as a religious missionary, as did Dr. Livingston, but he went there intent on seeing the country and to offer his medical skill, unknown to any of the interior tribes. With this plan of action always before him, he succeeded in covering territory that no white man had ever set foot on before. He found that it was much easier for him to progress through previously unvisited countries. He was suspicious of every one. One thing indicative of this fact is that he had his guns so arranged that no one knew how to use them but himself, for fear of an uprising of his followers who, while carrying them, would use them against him. During his travels he experienced many hazardous adventures, but his suspicion of every one and his presence of mind carried

him safely through them all. An adventure experienced in the Matabele country illustrates the common danger to which he was exposed. He was lying in the doorway of his tent one evening when he noticed certain unusual actions of the natives, which continued until after he had retired. He had noticed that they had looked repeatedly at his couch spread out on one side of his tent, and apparently were very much concerned as to its exact location. Such was his experience that he knew at once that they were intending to treacherously kill him during the night. He removed his bed to the other side of the tent and retired for the night. Along about midnight he heard the descent of a spear as it crashed through the tent and struck hard and fast in the ground where his couch had been before its removal. He waited and soon another crashed through and stuck close beside. Another and a fourth followed, and all was still. He waited for some few minutes, heard nothing and calmly turned himself over on his side and went to sleep. In the morning, on his appearance, the natives were paralyzed with fear. He explained to them that he was charmed. The story had its force and he | incipient was assisted many miles along his route by the fearing natives. This is but one of the many experiences that Dr. Johnston has so interestingly told in his book. Dr. Johnston is theroughly acquainted with

the territory in which war is being waged between the English and the Matabele under their renowned king, Lobengula. He says that the Matabele are a desperate people, and will continue to stir up war as long as they exist in numbers sufficient to be called a tribe. Dr. Johnston is an expert photographer, and he has with him many views of celebrated spots in central Africa, including the falls of the Zambezi, which are likened to Niagara. On returning from Africa, Dr. Johnston brought with him the Jamaicans, who are now at their homes on their island. The Jamaicans are enthusiastic over the countries of Africa, and are desirous of returning. It is the intention of Dr. Johnston to remain in this city until the latter part of this week. This evening he will be heard from the pulpit of the Second Presbyterian Church. He will lecture at Plymouth Church on Tuesday night. His lecture will be illustrated by a number of the views, all of his own taking.

JUSTICE TO CHAMBERLAIN.

Mr. Paisley Withdraws His Suit Against the Western Promoter.

NEW YORK, Feb. 10.-Joseph E. Paisley, bill "for the free coinage of standard silver | in a letter addressed to H. B. Chamberlain, Drexel building, says that he has withdrawn voluntarily and unconditionally the suit he brought against Mr. Chamberlain in connection with the affairs of the Fort Worth Park Place Land Company. Mr. Paisley says that he is convinced that great injustice was done Mr. Chamberlain by the statement made in the affidavits and complaint in the suit brought against him for the amount of the investment made by him (Mr. Paisley) in the stock of the company. Mr. Paisley says further that he is satisfied that the interests of the Park Place company have had complete protection at Mr. Chamberlain's hands and that that they would like to have free silver | his management as president has been, in every way, faithful and honorable. He is satisfied that the title of the land is vested in the Park Place company and, in conclusion, says: "I look on you again, as I have for years, as a man of high character and unimpeachable integrity.'

The suit referred to by Mr. Paisley was brought by him about the 1st inst. He alleged that Mr. Chamberlain had obtained \$5,150 by fraud for one hundred shares of stock in the Fort Worth Park Place Land Company. Mr. Paisley asserted that the company did not hold an undisputed title to the property which it assumed to own. Mr. Chamberlain said at the time that there was no time when the company did not have possession and title to the land under the deed of trust or when the rights of any shareholder were impeached for an instant. The whole affair is thus ended

amicably. ANNIE PIXLEY'S PROPERTY.

It Is All in Possession of Robert Fulford, Husband of the Actress.

NEW YORK, Feb. 10 .- Legal steps have been begun to compel Robert Fulford, huswhat has become of the property of the actress, and how he became possessed of property that was always thought to have belonged to her. Col. Robert J. Haire, of No. 245 Broadway, counsel for Miss Pixley's mother and other relatives, has just returned from Philadelphia, where he made an examination into the affairs of the dead actress's estate. Colonel Haire developed the fact that no property or mortgages are registered in Philadelphia in the name of Annie Fulford, but that sixteen mortgages, aggregating \$98,300, are recorded in the name of Robert Fulford. One of these mortgages, \$65,000 in amount, is on the Park Theater, of Philadelphia. Colonel Haire filed in the courts what is known as a bill of discovery. He also began legal proceedings to prevent the payment to Fulford of interest on certain mortgages registered in the record of deeds office in Phil-

adelphia in his name. Quartermaster Killed.

VALLEJO, Cal., Feb. 10.-J. W. Gering, quartermaster in charge of steam engineering on the monitor Monadnock, was fatally injured in the ship's hold at Mare island yards this morning by the breaking of a chain tackle. A heavy steam cylinder weighing six and a half tons fell upon him. A two-and-a-half-inch bolt passed through his hip and groin. The deceased leaves a

widow and one child. Ingalls Merely Indorsed Jones.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Feb. 10.-Hon. J. J. Ingalls said last night in reference to dispatches sent out from here referring to his conversation with Rev. Sam Jones, that it was news to him. He had gone to hear Mr. Jones, and, after his discourse, had expressed his pleasure at meeting him and indorsed his sermon. That was all there was

Oil Scooped Up by Farmers. BOSTON, N. Y., Feb. 10.-The Standard Oil Company's pipe line from Bradford, Pa., to Buffalo burst in this village last

dents far into the night scooping up the crude petroleum in buckets and tubs and carrying it home for fuel. Great terror was exhibited by neighbors lest the oil take fire, but no such accident has oc-

ALLEGED TRAIN WRECKERS.

Only One Arrest Made at Houston-Lynching Stories Denied.

HOUSTON, Tex., Feb. 10.-Sensational telegrams have been published in Chicago and other papers, under Houston date, telling of the lynching of train robbers here. No lynching has taken place. The only arrest has been that of Jack Dillingham, whose shoe tracks fitted those at the wreck and led to his house, and whose shotgun contained wads corresponding to those found at the wreck. He is still in jail, and continues, although telling conflicting stories, to contend that he is innocent. Officials are very reticent as to clews, but are working diligently. The Mexican boy who is said to have made a written statement is kept under surveillance. His statement is said to be that he was employed to carry the crowbar to remove the spikes, took no part in the wrecking.
is said his statement is to the effect that the plot was concocted by two Mexicans. Their expectation was that the whole train would roll down the thirtyfoot embankment and that all hands on board would be killed. They were there to rob the dead bodies. As the passenger coaches remained on the track they feared an attack from them and abandoned the plan of robbery, running away as soon as the mail and express and baggage cars crashed into the basin. This theory now is accepted, as the express safe was unmolested and no attempt was made to steal the registered mail. Officers have several clews they are working on, and arrests may at any time occur. The day before the wreck a negro boy went to Joseph Devine's pawnshop and tried to buy large slugs for a muzzle-loading shotgun. He has not been found since, and it is thought he might throw some light on the case.

FIRE BUGS AT WORK

Four Attempts Friday Night to Burn World's Fair Buildings.

Oily Rags and Kindling Wood Used by the Incendiaries to Start the Fires -Junk Dealers Blamed.

CHICAGO, Feb. 10 .- Some miscreants are making determined efforts to fire the world's fair buildings. Four attempts were frustrated last night by the vigilance of the Columbian Guards. About 9 o'clock last night guard Boyd discovered a blaze under the floor of the southwest corner of Machinery Hall. The woodwork was burning briskly, with every sign of incendiary origin. The guard was alone in the great building and no water at hand, so he climbed under the floor and smothered the flames with handfuls of dirt. About 3 o'clock in the morning guard Boyd again found a small fire at the cast end of the Manufactures Building. It was burning its way under a window sill. This fire was extinguished with a Babcock. Guard Kinsell, going off duty at 10 o'clock, found an fire in the engine room the Waukesha hygeia building was just gaining headway, and when put out quantities of office rags were taken from the hole. Pine wood had also been piled up between the staff shells of the inner and outer walls. At 3 o'clock in the morning guard Shaunnaman located a fourth fire in the frame building used as a staff manufactory in the southwestern corner of the grounds. The fire was soon under control, and here again kindling wood had been piled up and set

"I am inclined to think," said Colonel Rice, commander of the Columbian guards. "that these attempts to burn the fair buildings might be traced to the junk dealers, who are in for the money behind it. Almost daily efforts are made by scores of them to buy it at bargains. But they have had poor encouragement, and now it looks as if they were scheming to be successful. While the iron in none of the buildings is being sold to the junk dealers, they perhaps think it could be had for a song if it underwent the flames and ashes."

Chio Town Ablaze.

WAPAKONETA, O., Feb. 10.-Fire started about midnight in the Mechanics' Block. the principal business block of the town, and at 1 a. m. is raging furiously, sweep-

ing eastward, and at present threatening the entire northern half of Auglaize street. The wind is increasing. It is impossible to predict the extent of the loss. The Lima fire department has been telephoned for. The following stores are in flames: First National Bank, Lee Snowdi's wholesale whisky house, Fisher & Co.'s clothing store, J. G. Smith's cheap store, Moser & Kayser's drug store, E. T. Burton's photograph gallery, Kahn's two dry-goods stores and half a dozen dwellings.

Other Fires.

GUTHRIE, O. T., Feb. 10.-The Presbyterian mission house and schools at Anadarko, in the Cheyenne reservation, have been destroyed by fire. The teachers and Indian scholars barely escaped with their lives. All clothing, furniture, books, etc., were destroyed.

ATLANTA, Ga., Feb. 10.-The livery stables of W. O. Jones on Forsythe street, covering a square, were burned to the ground last night. It is feared several emstroyed was worth \$100,000. CALUMET, Mich., Feb. 10.-The large

planing mill and carpenter shop owned by the Calumet and Hecla Mining Company burned last night. The loss on stock, machinery and buildings amounts to about

DES MOINES, Ia., Feb. 10 .- The drygoods establishment of E. J. Risser burned to-night. Loss estimated at \$60,000; partially insured.

Reporting and Literature.

Rochester Democrat and Chronicle. Some years ago, at a press club dinner, one of the speakers, an editorial man, and a very bright one, made the remark: "Reporters are not literary men." If he had said "Deviled lobster is not orange ice" he would not have uttered a more obvious or more inoffensive truism. It reflected as little on literary men as it did on reporters. But it was said in a big city where there were very many reporters, some of whom were young and new to the business, and more of whom were pretty poor reporters for other reasons. All these took umbrage at the remark, and great was the disturbance in that press club for a long time. It was all very foolish. The speaker simply meant that a reporter writing for the news columns of his paper is band of the late Annie Pixley, to explain | not writing what is generally understood as literature, and that, if he knows his business, he will not attempt to. There is no reason why the same man may not be a first-rate reporter and a very competent literary man, but it is not desirable that he should do both at once. The man who thinks that he can successfully combine the two characters is apt to be rather a nuisance in the news room. But the mental qualities that enable a reporter to "cover an assignment" thoroughly and "write it up" in good newspaper English, which is the best sort of English, are a help rather than a hindrance to him when, outside the office, he sits down to write literature: whereas, the literary man's distinctive qualifications for success will never, unsupplemented, make even a passable reporter of him. The Chronicler has seen many good poems, good short stories, good magazine articles and good books that were written by reporters, but he has never seen an article, not even an announcement five lines long, written by a literary man that had not to be practically rewritten before it was fit for admission to the news column of a newspaper. If there is any fair comparison at all between men engaged in lines of work so essentially different, it is in favor of the reporter.

The Vealy Season.

Detroit Tribune. It was a pastoral scene. The red beams of the sinking sun kissed the tree tops fondly as if the king of day were fain to linger and rejoice in the beauties of nature. A cow with brass knobs on her horns and furrows of care upon her countenance reclined at ease amid the drooping daisies. To her came her last born, gaily,

"Mamma," he exclaimed, joyously, "the old man has taken to giving me all the milk I can drink. The cow shook her head. "Such being the fact," she rejoined, "with the commencement season near at hand,

it behooves you to be abstemious."

At the Musicale.

Brooklyn Eagle. from May's book Thursday night. Each month inches and May both admit that Ellis visited May's and May both admit that Ellis visited May's and May be the danced the d

THE INDIAN MESSIAH

This "Son of the Great Spirit" Will Be at the Midwinter Fair.

Though He Is a Dirty Piute He Had Much Influence with Red Men and Taught Them the Ghost Dance.

San Francisco Chronicle. That Indian who, in late years, was regarded by the tribes as the son of the Great Spirit descended to earth, will be at the midwinter fair before long. He will not come from his home in the sagebrush over the mountains to feast his eyes on the marvels and beauties of the place. He will come simply as an attraction and to make money, for this copper-colored

Messiah has an eye to the main chance. In his own native language his name is a quaint unpronounceability, with some beautiful significance. But in English the Messiah is plain "Wilson Jack." He is a Piute-a short, fat, dirty Piute. He wears a flannel shirt and ragged jeans trousersdoes the Messiah, and smells bad; and all about him is a big gaudy blanket. He is about forty years old. His face is cast in the ordinary Indian mold, but there is more mobility, more animation, more fire and spirit than in the face of the average Indian. On the whole, there is little in his appearance which at a glance would set him apart from those squalid tribesmen of his whom one sees begging at the car windows at almost every station from the Sierra to Ogden.

Yet Wilson Jack is a very remarkable Indian. It was he who, in the fall of 1890, by the wild shores of Walker lake preached to the tribe a new and strange religion. It was he who taught them to dance the ghost dance. It was he who spread among them that religious fury and fierce fanaticism which culminated finally in the outbreak of the Sioux, the death of old Sitting Bull and the battle of Wounded Knee.

The glory of a supposed orator is gone from him now, even among the untutored people who once regarded him as heavensent. They know that he was born of a squaw mother in a smoky little tepee on a come no more than a story, to be told over bowls of tobacco by wigwam fires. longer do circling moccasined feet stamp the weird measures of the ghost dance. All the tribes are at peace. Their Messiah is forgotten.

Wilson Jack is now chopping wood at \$1 a day for old Billy Wilson, whose ranch is not far from Pine Grove, Nev. If Oliver Roberts hadn't secured that job for him he might be living out in the sage brush somewhere on a jack rabbit diet. Roberts has secured the privilege to exhibit a village of Indians at the midwinter fair. He met the Messiah just after the latter's mission was supposed to have begun. He has recognized his value as an object of exhibition, and has set him to wood-choping, so that he may be within easy reach when wanted. He will bring him to San Francisco for the fair.

THE CREED'S GROWTH. How the strange creed which the Indian Messiah taught had its genesis, how it grew and spread from tribe to tribe and how, finally, it went up in deadly smoke at Wounded Knee is a tale of more than usual interest. In the autumn of 1890 a rumor began to be circulated among the Indians that somewhere out in the wilds of Nevada the Christ had appeared on earth, the one of all who was to be the savior of the redmen. According to his teachings the white race was to be destroyed utterly. Forests full of game were to grow again upon the sites of the white man's cities; prairies black with buffalo were to stretch where white men now have farms and vil-

lages. Primeval nature was to be restored. The Indian was to be lord of the continent from sea to sea. Such doctrines were naturally attractive to the Indians. Delegations from the remotest eastern tribes came to the Messiah at Walker's lake. The Sioux, Crows, Arapahoes, Blackfeet, Shoshones, Bannocks and the rest sent their sachems to visit him. They listened to his counsel and learned from him a new dance-the dance of ghosts. Upon their return to their homes they became apostles of the new gospel among their people. They believed or affected to believe in the Piute teacher's real divinity; but whether this belief was true or feigned, it is certain that never before in history was there such a general or dangerous fervor of religious excitement among the

Indian nations. All autumn long the Indians danced the ghost dance, fasted, prayed, kept long vigils and dreamed strange dreams born of exhaustion and morbid enthusiasm. All autumn long they were firm in the conviction that with the coming of the new Christ a glorious era for them would begin. But the autumn passed and the old year became the new, and still the white man's cities smoked through all the land and the white man's soldiers held the tribes in check. Then came the fatal field of Wounded Knee, stained with the blood of whites and reds. The Messiah's prophecies were unfulfilled. Then the Indians ceased to dance and began to think less of the new Christ and more of the government rations. Oliver Roberts says that Wilson Jack was never an impostor, but merely a spiritualist. It is a well-known fact that there are mediums, so called, among the Indians. In the latter part of the summer of 1890 Wilson Jack left his home near Pizen Switch. twelve miles from the Carson & Colorado railroad, and went alone into the mountains about Walker lake. There is something suggestive in the very topography of that region. The lake is deep and still. The bare mountains tower wild and high above it. The levels are desolately barren. In the solitude and silence of those shores the Indian spiritualist lived for a month and saw no human face save his own reflected in the waters when he stooped to drink. He slept unblanketed through the chilly nights. His only food was grasshoppers.

He wandered all day along the margins of the lake, shouting to the mountains, calling upon the Great Spirit. A little after he came from his sojourn in that wild region Roberts saw him at Sears Station on the Virginia & Truckee railroad. He had just begun to spread among his own superstitious people the doctrines which he claimed had come to him through divine inspiration while he stayed by the lake. Roberts asked him of his solitary trip to the mountains and the

THE MESSIAH'S STORY. This is the way the Messiah told his own story to his questioner: "Me go to lake all 'lone. Live there one

impressions which had come to him there.

moon. No shoot 'em, nothing. No fish. Eat grasshopper. All time walk by lake; holler heap much; jump up and down and dance all time.

"Long time no see 'em. Bym-by heap see 'em. Great, big Injun, been dead long time, he come see me. He say bym-by all white man he die and he all buffalo when he die. Injun shoot 'em all he want. Plenty game, plenty fish, plenty beaver when white man all gone. "Great big Injun teach me dance. He tell me, 'you go teach dance. Nice dance for Injun. Heap dance it putty soon." " All the dignity, nobility, divinity with which the white man's mind invests the red man pass away before such a statement in awkward pigeon English. The vaunted Messiah becomes at once a poor, crazy Indian, raving there along the beaches of the lake. Half-starved upon his diet of grasshoppers, exhausted by body, it is no wonder that shadowy beings visit his diseased imagination and speak A new light falls upon the shabby figure

dancing and crying by the lake when a famous chief tells of the new Messiah in his own language. Porcupine, the Shoshone chieftain, speaking through an in-terpreter, described his visit to the Mes-"In the tenth moon of the year I came

to the lake, and there were with me Bannocks and Crows and the sachems of my own tribe. And there were gathered there scores of Indians from many nations. As we sat together in a circle in the morning, smoking the pipe of peace, suddenly the Christ appeared in cur midst. He spoke to us words of wisdom all day long, speaking to each tribe in the tribe's own tongue. And at the setting of the sun "'My children, I want you to listen.

will teach you a new dance, and I want you to dance it. It is better than the sun dance. It is better than the war dance. It is the dance of the spirits in the happy hunting grounds. If you keep my counsels and dance the dance, before two moons have waned my prophecies will be ful-

"And we danced till the dawn, and till the sunset, and then the Christ brought us into the field where a cabin was, and there he showed each man the dead kinsmen who were dearest to him; and we shook hands and talked with the departed.

the Piute Indians still look upon him with something like awe. Last spring a buck offended him. Wilson Jack shook his finger at the offender and said: "Bimeby you

die." And within a few weeks the buck was in his grave. Johnson Sides, the head man of the Piutes about Reno, who himself posed for a while as the Messiah in order to further his schemes of medicancy, has felt the proph-et's wrath. He was told last fall that, because of his imposture, he would sicken and die within a year. And he was taken down during the hop-picking season. But he is still live enough to beg pennies from anyone who comes his way.

SLOSSON BEATS IVES

The Student Wins the Boston Billiard Tournament.

Ives Got in the Highest Run, but Slosson Played Like a Racehorse Toward the Close and Won.

BOSTON, Feb. 10.-The unexpected has

happened, and Slosson, the student, has beaten Schaefer, the wizard, and Ives, the Napoleon, in the big triangular billiard match in Boston. He will carry away \$750 of the fifteen-hundred-dollar stake, Schaefer will pocket \$500 and Ives gets \$250. The final game to-night between Ives and Slosson was rather ordinary, and only twice or three times was there any brilliant work. Ives did good work with Schaefer masses, but the careful work of the student was too much for him, and the game ended after three hours' duration, Slosson winning by a score of 600 to 467. The contest was witnessed by about seven hundred spectators. Murphy acted as referee, and instructor Hendricks, of the B. A. A., was marker. Ives won the bank for lead and made nothing. Slosson made one and slipped on an easy one. Ives made 11, and went down for no reason whatever, and the student pounded out one more. Then the young fellow got 55 and Slosson strung 31, and a run of luck followed, until, in the twenty-third inning, Ives was ninety-one points behind. Then Ives made a string of 146 buttons. He went down on a simple one, and Slosson scored 115. Ives did clever work in the next inning, but was too late in the game, and the New Yorker finished him with a run of 96. Score. Slosson-1, 1, 31, 1, 8, 0, 6, 61, 0, 41, 0, 7,

3, 38, 39, 0, 29, 0, 0, 60, 33, 16, 3, 6, 115, 96-600. Average, 21 12-28; high run, 115. Ives-0, 11, 55, 0, 5, 8, 9, 44, 0, 0, 0, 51, 1, 1, 62, 3, 1, 0, 2, 0, 0, 0, 146, 4, 0, 48, 25-467. Average, 16 19-28; high run, 146. STORY OF SAINT BERNARD.

The Famous Legend of the Church

Told by Prof. David Starr Jordan.

San Francisco Chronicle. Prof. David Starr Jordan read a paper last evening before the Geographical Society in the hall of the Academy of Sciences upon the Great St. Bernard. The Professor described the little cold lake in the Alps, on the edge of which were the hospices of St. Bernard. On all sides were snow-capped mountains, cold and rugged, indicating anything but life. The buildings are of stone, plain and uncompromising. As one approaches the hospices of the Great St. Bernard he is met by a legion of barking St. Bernard dogs ready to rescue him from the snow. These dogs are yellow and white and resemble in some particulars those of the sume name found in large cities. But they are not so large ner so well kept. The hospice is entered through triple doors, and within all are welcome. There

are pictures on the wall of the main room, and a large open fire at which one may warm himself. All are welcome for a day and are supplied with a plain and nourishing meal. The next day all, whether prince or peasant, are asked to move on unless the, are sick or otherwise disabled. Everything is free, but those who wish may contribute any sum, large or small, to be used for the entertainment of subsequent way-At the time Professor Jordan visited the nospice there were twelve monks there, all young and vigorous men, for the severity

of the climate makes those living there be-

come pren:aturely oid. There is snow the year round in the pass where the hospices are situated, and from November to May there is a whirling gale, and the snow pile. up in billows. Professor Jordan related the legend of St. Bernard, as chronicled by the ecclesiastic historians. He was born in Savoy, and in early youth he showed that he was destined for saintship. In his seventh year he began to practice self-punishment, which he kept up for the remainder of his life. He was sent to Paris, where, to please his father. he studied law, and to please himself he studied theology. It was at this time he took upon himself the oath of ceilbacy. His father called him home, where he found that arrangements had been made for his marriage with the daughter of a noble and wealthy family. He astonished his parents by his avoidance of this marriage. But finally the day was set and the guests be-

gan to arrive. Bernard locked himself in his room and engaged in prayer. The chronicle relates how a vision appeare to Bernard in la dream and summoned Bernard to the service of the church Leaving the castle he hurrled over obscure mountain passes to a village one hundred miles distant. A later chronicle explains that he made his escape by a window, and that the marks of his hands are still upon the ledge, and the imprint of his feet in the rock below upon which he alighted.

The legend proceeds that Bernard was most abstemious in his habits, drinking no wine and but little water, slaking his thirst with the juice of bitter herbs. When he died he regretted that he was resting upon a bed instead of upon the board he had been accustomed to lie upon. is a preacher he was most eloquent and all Italy flocked to hear him. Professor Jordan quoted from the chron-

icle relating how Bernard banished the demon who had commanded the pass where the hospices of St. Bernard are now lo cated. This he did by throwing his stole about the neck of the demon, and the stole quickly resolved itself into a chain, and the demon was thus placed in the power of the saint and quickly destroyed. Thus it was that over nine hundred years ago the first hospice of St. Bernard was built. One day an old man and his wife came to pay their respects to the founder of hospice. They were the father and mother of Bernard, and to him they related the story of the loss of their son. He made himself known to them, and before they departed they contributed sufficient money to erect a chapel to each. In 1007 Bernard died at the age of eighty-three. In the end his bones were divided among the churches which claimed him as their jatron soint.

A LOCOMOTIVE FIREMAN.

The Man Who Must Feed the Engine 44 Pounds of Coal a Minute. Harper's Young People.

At least every thirty seconds he throws open the furnace door, and, without a false motion or the slightest delay, hurls exactly three shovelfuls of coal on the fire. He knows just how to spill and spread it with a dexterous turn of the wrist. Before Albany is reached he must throw 6,375 pounds of that coal into the fire, or nearly forty pounds a minute, or an average of fortyfour pounds a mile. Then, too, he must know exactly where he is along the road, and when to drop his shovel and seize the bell cord. He must ring the bell in passing through all towns and villages. He must know the proper instant to vault into his seat when important curves are reached to watch for signals.

He must see that the steam doesn't vary, and he is proud to shout in your ear when you near Albany, "She hasn't varied three pounds since we left New York." He must watch the water gauge of the boiler, and is constantly kept changing the pumps and seeing that they do their work properly. All the time he must keep throwing his forty-four pounds of coal on the fire every mile. It isn't long before he surprises you with another motion. He throws open the furnace door and thrusts a long, doublepronged fork into the fire. With a twist he prods the glowing mass, and when he pulls his fork out its teeth are cherry red. Then comes the whir of the shovel again, and the sound of the hammer as Tompkins breaks up the larger lumps of coal.

When you approach Montrose, near Peekskill, the engine begins to slow down. If you look ahead you will see a narrow trough between the rails filled with water. The engine is going to ake on water at a flying leap. Tompkins stands at the side of the tender with his hands on a lever. Engineer Foyle suddenly startles you with a shrill whistle between his teeth that would put to shame the warning signal a New York newsboy gives to his gambling mates when a policeman comes in sight. Instantly the lever flies back, and as you look at the wheels of the tender you see

surging up among the trucks a torrent of It splashes and roars, and as you wonder if you won't be carried away, two whistles from Foyle, sharper and shriller than the first, warn Tompkins to pull up the scoop, and that the end of the water trough is near. Then Tompkins goes back to his raise your feet while he turns on a hose

and wets the floor of the cab to keep down the dust, after which he sweeps up with a Next he is shaking down the grates with a big steel lever that looks like the tiller of a large sail boat. You now begin to take in what it means to be a fireman. Toward the end of the trip you tap his shoulder and shout to him: "This seems to keep you pretty busy." "I tell you there is no funny business about this work," is his response.

What's in a Name.

Youth's Companion. The schoolmistress was showing off her pupils to some visiting friends. She had been over the same ground a day or two before and thought she could trust them to do her credit. "Who knows what useful article is fur-

nished to us by the elephant?" she asked. "Ivory," was the prompt reply of three boys at once. "Very good. And what do we get from the whale?" "Whalebone."

"Right again. And what from the sea?" "Sealing wax," answered Peter Sand, whose inventiveness was better than his

Locked in the House and Burned. BONNE TERRE, Mo., Feb. 10.—Thit morning Mrs. Paul Herrot, living four miles east of here, locked her two little children, aged three and five years, in the house while she went to the spring for water. On her return the room was in flames and the two little ones were burned

Dear, Dear.

to death.

Philadelphia Times. One of the things the fashionable girl denies herself in Lent is roses and flowers and the flower season may be said to be practically over until they bloom out of doors. It is considered very bad form in fashionable circles to wear or use flowers

during Lent.

Health Board Returns. The returns to the city Health Board last wek shom a total of fifty-one births and forty-six deaths. There were reported to the board nine cases of diphtheria, scar-

let fever seven, and measles two.

A SUBGEON'S KNIFE

gives you a feeling of horror and dread. There is no longer necessity for its use in many diseases formerly regarded as incurable without cutting. The Triumph of Conservative Surgery is well illustrated by the fact that RUPTURE or Breach, is now radiknife and without pain. Clumsy, chafing trusses can be thrown away! They never cure but often induce inflammation, strangulation and death. TUMORS Ovarian, Fibroid (Uterine) removed without the perils of cut-PILE TUMORS, however large and other diseases of the lower bowel, are

permanently cured without pain oc resort to the knife. STONE in the Bladder, no mathr how large, is crushed, purverized, washed out and perfectly removed without cutting. STRICTURE of Urinary Passage is cutting in hundreds of cases. For pamphlet, references and all particulars, send 10 cents (in stamps) to World's Dispensary Medical Associa-tion, 663 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

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